

shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapi qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine salureth vs.

*Enter Jaquenetta and the Clowne.*

*Jaqu.* God giue you good morrow *M. Person*.

*Nath.* Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should be perst, Which is the one?

*Cl.* Marry M. Schoolemaster, hee that is likeliest to a hogthead.

*Nath.* Of persting a Hogthead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: tis prettie, it is well.

*Jaqu.* Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Costard*, and sent mee from *Don Armato*: I beseech you reade it.

*Nath.* *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub vmbra rammar*, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the trauciler doth of *Venice*, *venchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderstandeth thee not, *et re sol la mis fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

*Hol.* I sir, and very learned.

*Nath.* Let me heare a stasse, a stanze, a verse, *Legedamine*.

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue? Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed. Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue. Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Officers bowed.

Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes. Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee comend. All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder. Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire; Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire. Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong, That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

*Per.* You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

*Nath.* Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poesie caret: *O-middius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damofella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

*Jaqu.* I sir from one mounfier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

*Nath.* I will ouerglance the superscript. To the snow-white hand of the most beaustious Lady Rosaline. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladieships in all desired employment, *Berowne*.

*Per.* Sit *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and

goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgiue thy durtie, adue.

*Maid.* Good *Costard* go with me:

Sir God saue your life.

*Cost.* Haue with thee my girl.

*Hol.* Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father saith

*Per.* Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

*Nath.* Marueilous well for the pen.

*Per.* I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuledge I haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, vnder take your *bien venuto*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Societie.

*Nat.* And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

*Per.* And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

*Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.*

*Bero.* The King he is hunting the Deare, I am courting my selfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pyrrh, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheepe, it kills mee, I a sheepe: Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue, if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throte. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath caught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweet Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

*He stands aside. The King entreth.*

*Kin.* Ayme!

*Bero.* Shot by heauen: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast chumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papin faith secrets.

*King.* So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not, To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose, As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot. The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flower. Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright, Through the transparent bosome of the deepe, As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light: Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe. No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee: So ridest thou triumphing in my woe. Do but behold the teares that swell in me, And they thy glory through my griefe will show.

But

But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe. O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell, No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell. How shall the know my griefes? Ile drop the paper. Sweet leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

*Enter Longaile. The King steps aside.*

What *Longaile*, and reading? listen eare.

*Bero.* Now in thy likeness, one more foole appeare.

*Long.* Ay me, I am forsworne.

*Bero.* Why he comes in like a periur, wearing papers.

*Long.* In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

*Bero.* One drunkard loues another of the name.

*Long.* Am I the first y haue been periu'd so? (know,

*Bero.* I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I

Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,

The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie.

*Long.* I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.

O sweet *Maria*, Emperesse of my Loue,

These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

*Bero.* O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hose,

Disfigure not his Shop.

*Long.* This same shall goe. *He reade the Sonnet.*

Did not the heauenly Rhetorick of thine eye,

'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Perswade my heart to this false periuie?

Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.

A Woman I forswore, but I with proue,

Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee.

My Vow was earibly, thou a heauenly Loue.

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.

Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doest shine,

Exhaust this vapor-vow, in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,

To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?

*Bero.* This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deity.

A Greene Goose, a Coddess, pure pure Idolatry.

God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th way.

*Enter Dumaine.*

*Long.* By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.

*Bero.* All hid, all hid, an old infant play,

Like a demie God, here fit I in the skie,

And wretched fooler secrets heedfully ore-eye.

More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,

*Dumaine* transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

*Dum.* O most diuine Kate.

*Bero.* O most prophane coxcombe.

*Dum.* By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.

*Bero.* By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.

*Dum.* Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted.

*Bero.* An Amber coloured Rauens was well noted.

*Dum.* As vp right as the Cedar.

*Bero.* Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.

*Dum.* As faire as day.

*Bero.* I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.

*Dum.* O that I had my wish?

*Long.* And I had mine.

*Kin.* And mine too good Lord.

*Bero.* Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

*Dum.* I would forget her, but a Feuer she

Raignes in my blood, and will remembered be.

*Bero.* A Feuer in your blood, why then incision

Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.

*Dum.* Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.

*Bero.* Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit.

*Dumaine reade his Sonnet.*

On a day, alack the day:

Loue, whose Month is euery May,

Spied a blossom passing faire,

Playing in the wanton ayre:

Through the Velvet, leanes the winde,

All on scene, can passage finde.

That the Loner sick to death,

With himselfe the heauens breath.

Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,

Ayre, would I might triumph so.

But alacke my hand is sworne,

Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:

Vow alacke for youth vnmeeete,

Youth so apt to plucke a sweete.

Doe not call it faine in me,

That I am forsworne for thee.

Thou for whom Loue would sweare,

Iuno but an *Aethiop* were.

And denie himselfe for Loue,

Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I send, and something else more plaine.

That shall expresse my true Loues fasting paine.

O would the King, *Berowne* and *Longaile*,

Were Louers too, ill to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:

For none offend, where all alike doe dote.

*Long.* *Dumaine*, thy Loue is farre from charitie,

That in Loues griefe desir'st societie:

You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,

To be ore-heard, and taken napping so.

*Kin.* Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,

You chide at him, offending twice as much.

You doe not loue *Maria*? *Longaile*,

Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;

Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart

His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.

I haue beene closely shrowded in this bush,

And markt you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty Rimes, obseru'd your fashion:

Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.

Aye me, sayes one! O Loue, the other cries!

On her haire were Gold, Christall the others eyes.

You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,

And loue for your Loue would infringe an oath.

What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare

Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.

How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?

How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?

For all the wealth that euer I did see,

I would not haue him know so much by me.

*Bero.* Now step I forth to whip hypocritie.

Ah good my Lidge, I pray thee pardon me.

Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove

These wormes for louing, that art most in loue?

Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.

There is no certaine Princess that appeares.

You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:

Tush, none but Mistrrels like of Sonnetting.

But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not

M

All